

LATEST MARKET REPORT FURNISHED BY E. F. SANGUINETTI	
Cotton	16 1/2c
Milo Maze, ton	\$40
Fetereta, ton	\$40
Alfalfa hay ton	\$19 to \$20
Barley, ton	\$50
Wheat, ton	\$58

President Wilson Signed the Mesa Land Law Thursday, January 25th

# ARIZONA SENTINEL

FEARLESS CHAMPION OF CITY OF YUMA, YUMA PROJECT  
AND YUMA COUNTY

LATEST MARKET REPORT FURNISHED BY J. M. BALSZ	
Cattle	5c to 6 1/2c
Hogs	7 1/2c to 8 1/2c
Lambs	7c
Turkeys	21c
Chicks	14c
Eggs	40c

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# THE YUMA MESA LAND BILL IS NOW A LAW

## SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

Lieut. Col. Harry G. Bishop and Lieut. W. A. Robertson, U. S. Army Aviators, Rescued After the Most Thrilling Experience Ever Undergone by American Airmen

Interesting Diary of Facts Connected With Search for the Lost Aviators---Hardships Undergone by Searchers in Anxiety to Rescue Birdmen From Perils of Desert

(By B. F. FLY.)

It was my good fortune to be at Colonel Wilson's Fourteenth Infantry headquarters Sunday, January 14, when he was handed a telegram officially informing him that Lieutenant-Colonel Harry G. Bishop and Lieutenant W. A. Robertson, U. S. army aviators, were lost, and instructing him to use every means in his power to help find them.

"Please permit me to accompany your expedition," I urged Colonel Wilson.

"Most gladly," was his generous reply.

"What time will we start," the Colonel was asked.

"Early Monday morning, probably 6 or 7 o'clock," was his reply.

"I will be Johnny-on-the-Spot," I replied, and fifteen minutes later, 5:45 p. m., Sunday, I was at the Western Union Telegraph office apprising the Associated Press, which reaches every nook and corner of the civilized world, that an expedition had been organized to search for the birdmen in the vicinity of the mouth of the Colorado, down in the state of Sonora, Mexico, and that I would be with the searchers.

At 8 o'clock that night Major M. B. Stokes, Fourteenth Infantry, in whose hands Colonel Wilson had placed all details of the proposed search, met me in the Arizona Hotel and very graciously informed me that I had been selected to "command" the expedition. I was overjoyed, for it meant much to me from a news-gathering standpoint, and at least gave me and my companions a chance to snatch Colonel Bishop and Lieutenant Robertson from the jaws of death, which I and my companions were willing to do at any sacrifice of our personal comfort.

"Be ready at 6 o'clock sharp," commanded Major Stokes.

And I was "Johnny-on-the-Spot" at that hour, just at daybreak.

Two automobiles had been engaged, Jose Villa (no kin to "Poncho") with his trusty Dodge car, and Julio Martinez with his "Old Betsy" Ford. We got away at about 6:30 for the twenty-four mile post, where arrangements were made with Captain Gustavo Cuevos, through the good offices of Judge Joe Redondo, who had gone down the "line" in my car, to act as guide for the search of the lost aviators. Major Stokes had gone to his quarters in the Dodge car to get his powerful field glasses for my use on the trip, but caught us before we reached Somerton, where additional provisions were purchased for the trip.

With Captain Cuevos in the Dodge car, and Jose Villa driving to beat the band, Julio Martinez and I followed in the Ford, having received my last instructions from Major Stokes at the border line.

We made a direct dash for La Bolsa ranch, located on the bank of the Gulf of Lower California. It was a rough, tough, exceedingly sandy road almost the entire distance of about 70 miles from Yuma. We got "stuck" several times, but reached La Bolsa, now deserted, shortly before 4 o'clock. Not a sign of the aviators thus far.

But in order to make this story complete I shall not attempt to expatiate on the various phases of the trip, merely reproducing my notes from the time we left the "line" until it finally became my great honor and privilege of assisting in placing Colonel Bishop on the train at Wellton and then accompanying him on the train to Yuma, assisting in ministering to his wants and necessities while making the trip.

So here goes, read it or not, just as you please:

### BRIEF DIARY OF SEARCH FOR BIRDMEN.

Left boundary line at 9 o'clock a. m.  
Stuck in sand hill at 9:30.  
Reached Lagunita at 11:15 a. m.  
Passed Noche Bueno at 11:30.

Arrived at Salado water hole at noon, where H. J. Green and guide, who had left the line at 4 a. m. on horse back, were camped for lunch. We all took light lunch together, I dividing some of my grub with Mr. Green and re reciprocating. We agreed on a line of searching.

Continued trip at 12:30, and soon passed the spot where many years ago a Mexican named Sanchez was hanged to a mesquite tree, but the tree has been burned to the ground long ago, its black stump being the only reminder of that gruesome affair.

Reached Rillita creek at 2 p. m. Water was a hundred yards wide, and neither driver having ever crossed it when it contained that much water they were naturally afraid to attempt it. Without hesitation I took off most of my clothing and made an investigation, sounding the roadway from one side to the other, and found that the water in no place was more than ten inches deep. Jose Villa in his Dodge car, led the way. He crossed the creek like a whirlwind, and got stuck climbing the bank on the far side. We soon got him out, and then Martinez came dashing through the water in his Old Betsy. She took to the water like a duck, and climbed the hill like a Billy goat.

Half a mile beyond this point we reached Casa Andrade, which was deserted by L. E. Fuentes, R. Leon y Companeros on September 1, 1913, with this inscription left on the wall: "Vamos de huida, recuerdo trieste."

I left a note at this place for Mr. Green pinned to a board at the roadside, telling him we had gone on to La Bolsa, and that if I got any trace of the aviators I would signal him by means of a fire that night.

ed Pancho Altomerona, and the younger named Faustino Tijara.

I was never more excited in all my life than when they informed us that Aviators Bishop and Robertson passed within a mile of their camp on the day they left San Diego on the trip that has set almost all the world agog over their venture.

They placed the hour that the aviators passed that point at sometime between 3 and 4 o'clock, but they had had a long day's work and were confused in the actual time, for it must have been at exactly noon, as subsequent events will prove. However, that they knew the exact direction of the flight of the aeroplane there can be no possible doubt. They showed me the route the machine took, and this was substantiated by the American engineers at work down near the river, as well as by the Chinese cook of the engineer's camp.

Employing Faustino Tijara as special messenger I sent news back to Colonel Wilson, Major Stokes and the Associated Press, directing the note to Captain G. A. Herbst, commanding Company H at the border line, so he could repeat it by phone.

The messenger left at midnight on an old horse about 20 hands high, purchased last year from the Reclamation service. When two miles out of camp the horse took a notion to return to camp and simply came back, the Mexican boy cussing the big beast at every step. He got another horse early Tuesday morning and made the trip in a wagon.

Tuesday morning, January 16, we got an early start in the direction the aviators were seen passing camp. Leaving the Ford in camp, Captain Cuevos, Julio Martinez and myself, with Jose Villa driving his Dodge car, struck the aviators trail and followed to the gulf near old Port Isabel. We traveled in that direction as long as the car could plow its way through the mud, which often was axle deep, and deeper. It was bitterly cold and cloudy. Finding no sign of the lost aviators we went up the gulf towards the mouth of the Colorado, keeping as near the river as possible. When almost opposite La Bolsa we turned back, that we might the better cover the space between the two lines we had made. Mud, mud, mud, everywhere. We got stuck a dozen times or more. It began to rain at about 2 o'clock, and at 3 it began sleeting. We got into the worse mud we had encountered, requiring one hour and a half to go on even mile, the machine in motion all the time, but simply creeping along through the mud like a snail after a spring rain. Spied a clump of bushes and upon

reaching it found a small sand dune right out in the middle of that veritable quagmire. This was at 4:30 p. m., and we camped there for the night. By using the spade, my companions laughing at me while I was digging, I found dry sand. Each of us then dug him a dry spot and spread our bedding. The night before had been miserably cold and I had sat up all night, keeping a big fire burning all night to notify my friend Green that I had found the trail of the aviators, but Tuesday night on the beach of the Gulf of Lower California was the coldest night I ever spent, at least it seemed so at that time. I again sat up all night, keeping a big fire roaring all the time, for driftwood by the cord, washed down the river at overflow periods, and sent back by the gulf tides, was easily gotten, though much of it I had to dig out of the mud with the spade.

I at once concluded that the aviators had landed down the gulf on the northeast shore, and my companions agreed with me. We therefore decided to retrace our steps to the creek we had crossed going down to La Bolsa and make our way to Santa Clara, which would put us within striking distance of the Rosario sand dunes.

Reached La Bolsa camp at 11:30 and found Mr. Green and his guide, who had been there all the night before. Their horses had broken away and they had beat the brush all morning on foot, awaiting my return. The speedometer showed we had covered 102 miles on the beach.

At noon Wednesday, two autos came into camp, W. E. Snyder, in a Dodge, and E. R. Findley in a Ford. They came in response to my note to Colonel Wilson and Major Stokes. Upon arriving Mr. Snyder handed me two notes, the first of which read as follows:

"Co. H. 14th U. S. Infantry, 24 mile, U. S. R. S. camp, Jan. 16, 10 p. m., Tuesday. Colonel Fly:—Your message of Monday night, January 15, was received by me at 7:35 p. m. Tuesday, January 16, and I immediately telephoned to Major Stokes. Major Stokes telephoned me a few minutes ago that two machines would leave Yuma at 4 a. m. Wednesday, January 17, with adequate lubricating oil, gas line and rations for your camp near La Bolsa. Nothing further is known by me of the lost aviators, Bishop and Robertson. Major Stokes is sending you his latest information, which is probably better than mine. Best wishes for success in your finding something definite about Colonel Bishop." (Continued on Page Two)

## COL. HARRY G. BISHOP MAKES DETAILED STATEMENT OF FLIGHT

(By B. F. FLY.)

Col. Harry G. Bishop, who was miraculously rescued from death by Win Probstel Mr. Gamble, the Gale boys, and Mr. Cameron, appreciating the earnest effort I had made to rescue him and his companion, Lieut. W. A. Robertson, very graciously gave me his first interview with him, when I was assisting to bring him from Wellton to Yuma, and now has accorded me the unusual privilege of an exclusive story of his most marvelous flight and subsequent rescue on the Sonora desert. He talked in the presence of

Surgeon Major O. G. Brown, medical department of the army, who has the patient in charge, and to Major Brown most of the officers who have been of being the first newspaper man to see and talk with Colonel Bishop since his arrival at the Yuma City Hospital.

Here is Colonel Bishop's story in full:

All I can tell is my side of it. Of course, some of it is pretty hazy.

Well, you see this aviation service (Continued on Page Four)

WITH EXCEPTION OF COMPLETION OF SIPHON CANAL THIS IS THE BEST PIECE OF NEWS YUMA HAS EVER RECEIVED---GREAT CREDIT DUE OUR CONGRESSIONAL DELEGATION, COMMERCIAL CLUB, BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, CITY COUNCIL, WATER USERS' BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Reclamation Commission, Secretary of Interior Lane and Project Manager Lawson Proved Great Friends of Yuma at Every Stage of the Long Fight for the Passage of the Bill---Let Everybody Rejoice Over the Good News, For There is Glory Enough in It For Us All---It Means a New and Prosperous Yuma.

Here is the Yuma Mesa Land Bill in full, just as it was finally passed by both branches of congress. It is exactly the same bill that passed the senate before the last session adjourned, with the exception of an amendment by the house which reads as follows (senate approved it) "Page 1, line 7, after the word 'tracts' insert the words 'of such size as he may determine,' so that the line as amended will read ---'and sell tracts of such sizes as he may determine, of not more than 160 acres to any one person.'"

Now read the bill in full, and know that it is no longer a "bill," but is now the LAW OF THE LAND---and the editor of this paper has every reason to be proud of the small part he took in the matter. Now read your Yuma Mesa Land Law---an Auxiliary Project of the Yuma Project:

The Speaker. If the gentleman from Arizona (Mr. Hayden) is going to ask to have the senate bill considered instead of the house bill, the chair thinks it best to have the senate bill read.

The clerk read the bill (S. 5718) to provide for an auxiliary reclamation project in connection with the Yuma Project, Arizona, as follows:

BE IT ENACTED, ETC., That the secretary of the interior is hereby authorized to set apart any lands in the state of Arizona heretofore or hereafter withdrawn under the reclamation law, in connection with the Yuma reclamation project, as an auxiliary reclamation project or unit, and sell, in tracts of not more than 160 acres to any one purchaser, the lands so set apart and believed to be susceptible of irrigation, at public sale under suitable regulations, for not less than the reasonable value per acre of the land plus the estimated cost per acre of reclamation works to be constructed for the reclamation of said lands so set apart plus the proportionate cost per acre of the works previously constructed and available therefor. That appurtenant water rights for lands in private ownership may be sold for not to exceed 160 acres to any one person, at a price which shall not be less than the highest price per acre paid for public land sold under the provisions of this act, payment thereof, to be made under the same terms as for land under the provisions of section 2. Final water-right certificate shall not be issued to such private land until payment has been made in full. No works shall be constructed nor water delivered through any of the works of the Yuma project for the irrigation of any such private lands unless application has been made to purchase a water right for such land, under the terms and provisions of this section. The secretary of the interior, at or prior to the time of sale, shall fix and determine (a) the reasonable value of the land per acre; (b) the estimated cost per acre of the works to be constructed; and (c) the proportionate cost per acre of the works previously constructed and available for the lands offered for sale.

Sec. 2. That all bidders at such public sale shall be required to make a deposit of 10 per cent of the amount bid for the tract proposed to be purchased, and upon notice from the secretary of the interior that such bid has been accepted shall be required to pay 15 per cent additional within 60 days after such notice. In case of failure to do so the deposit shall be forfeited and the corresponding lands shall be available for further sale. In case the bids for the lands shall not aggregate a sufficient amount within six months from the time fixed for the filing of bids to meet the probable cost as announced, all deposits shall be returned. The remaining 75 per cent of the purchase price shall be paid in three annual installments, with interest at 6 per cent per annum on deferred payments until paid, running from the date of notice to pay the additional 15 per cent, but advanced payments may be received at any time. Upon full payment of the purchase price patent shall issue for the lands, (Continued on Page Two)